

THE BLACKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. XV.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1890.

NO. 17.

STOP YOUR COUGH WITH C.C.C. CERTAIN COUGH CURE

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Throat, and all other consumptive affections in advanced stages; will cure when curable, and relieve in the worst cases. See that C. C. C. is blown in every bottle and take no other. Price 25c.

J. C. MENDENHALL & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

Remove Corns, Warts & Bunions with
CERTAIN CORN CURE.

25 Cts. a BOTTLE.

SOLD AND WARRANTED BY

G. W. SHORT

BANK

OF

HARDINSBURG

Capital Stock \$25,000.

B. F. BEARD, President.

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One of the BEST FREE

Eye

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about the different parts of the eye. It is a grand, double-act test.

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BY THE SONDER.

By JOSEPHINE BOWEN.

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CHAPTER I.



"Hold on for your life!"

A few miles from where the Sonder drops its turbid water into the Mississippi it passes through a region which has all the elements of the picturesque. A few hundred yards from the eastern bank there is a range of high bluffs, sparsely clothed with oak and cedar, and cleft in one place where a road winds down from the highlands beyond to cross a bridge, rustic enough, but heavy and strong to withstand the spring freshets.

A quarter of a mile above the bridge a dam has been built to turn the water into the wheels of an old mill which, lazily turning, grinds out its dose of flour and yellow meal.

On this bank of the river are also scattered a few humble dwellings, each with its garden patch, and in the summer its dooryard filled with hollyhocks, enormous sunflowers and an undergrowth of annuals which grow with riotous luxuriance in the rich black soil.

On the western bank there is a stretch of bottom land two miles wide, held by nature as a private park. Here are green meadows, bright little ponds fringed with purple iris, and glades so blue with wild violets in their season that they look like a piece of the sky.

It is in late summer and autumn, however, that the scene is at its best, for then cardinal flowers, lobelia, wild asters, goldenrod and many other splendid blossoms make a mosaic of color that would delight the soul of an artist, if one could ever be found willing to face mosquitoes and malaria long enough to transfer a hint of its beauty to his canvas; for nature is jealous of her choicest possessions, and places an angel with a flaming sword at the gate of all earthly edens.

Every spring at the breaking up of the ice there is a rise, as the natives call it, and for two or three weeks this valley is submerged; then the water subsides, leaving an alluvial deposit, rich as the banks of the Nile, and in it is held a carnival of flowers, malaria fever and death.

On a wild March night when the flood was at its height a woman came down the road and stood upon the bridge. The moon was full, and although stormy clouds were scurrying across the sky she shone out now and then and lighted up the weird scene and the face of the figure leaning upon the rail of the bridge and looking down at the rushing flood.

This is what the moon saw and heard. A girl of 20 years, perhaps, with a noble, womanly form and a face not pretty with any mere sensual beauty of color and dimples and curves, but one which seemed to have had a too early acquaintance with the hard problem of life—and yet a beautiful face, with its broad, white forehead, dark, level brows and sensitive mouth.

A large gray shawl was thrown over her head and wrapped about her form, and she seemed to be otherwise comfortably clad in plain dark garments.

"I should not mind being down there," she was saying to herself, "although I haven't the least notion of jumping in. There isn't much to live for. Ever since I can remember it has been just the same—the long cold winters going to that mean little school through the snow and sitting down at the rest with my feet freezing; and they disgust me so, although there is no reason why they should. I am no different from the rest, only I feel a difference. Then comes the freshet, and after that fever and ague and typhoid and hot, wretched nights with millions of mosquitoes.

"I wonder how it would feel to be among the drift. I should soon be down to the mouth of the Sonder, and there are always men and boys paddling around there in skiffs and dugouts. I suppose that they would find me and hook me out with their grappling irons. 'I shouldn't look pretty at all. When Clara Grantley died how beautiful she was in her shroud of white lace! And there were flowers on her breast and in her hands and they kept her three days. I wonder how they would dress me! That is if they got me out of the water soon enough to dress me at all. I suppose it would be just cambric, and they couldn't keep me; there is no room. When people are poor and live in two roomed cabins they have to make haste to bury their dead.

"I have no notion of jumping in, but what if I should happen to fall in, would it matter much? Poor mother! I know she would be sorry, but life has been hard for her. Perhaps she would think I was better off, and father, who always seems sad, would be sadder than; and the boys would cry a little, but they would soon forget me, and go fishing and be as happy as ever.

"When the neighbors are down with fever they want me, but when they get well they don't care for me. They say that I am proud. I believe that I am, too, and that is the worst of it. What have I to be proud of? What will become of me? I am nearly 20. All of the girls I know marry before they are as old as I am, but I would rather die than marry any one who will ever ask me.

"When I go to Orquay with mother to buy calico and muslin and jeans I feel so poorly dressed and awkward. Why was I born?"

She looked far out over the swirling, rushing flood. There were strange shapes among the drift white logs which

looked like dead bottles; blackened stumps with gnarled and twisted roots bearing the semblance of hideous monsters; masses of foam spread out like ghostly wings, and a branch of sycamore like a gr-at white arm beckoning to her. There were noises too. The dam was lost, but there was a sullen roar of water, a grinding of the drift and a heavy crash as some tree torn from its place flung itself, as might a despairing soul, into the angry flood.

"Why was I born?" Oh, lonely girl! millions have asked that question. Millions will ask it again. To some life brings an answer, to many there comes no reply. Fate has lips as silent as those of Memnon until the day breaks, the sun arises and over the sands of life's desert is heard the immortal song.

She turned to retrace her steps. It was a favorite haunt of hers, this bridge. Being within calling distance from the house it was safe, and she was a habit of hers to get away from the chattering of her young brothers to indulge in melancholy thoughts.

"No, I will never down myself; I will try to do right whatever comes; I will be patient," she said, and turned to take a last look. "The water will commence falling by morning. My God! what is that?"

"Help! help! for Christ's sake!" From a mass of drift rushing swiftly down came these words, in a faint, strangled voice.

"Here is help!" called the strong young voice of the girl. "I see you; you are coming straight under a bridge. Do you hear?"

"I hear; my strength is gone." "You are almost to the bridge. Let go the log and catch hold of this shawl!" and snatching it from her she lay down and dropped a corner of it to the water, winding the opposite one firmly around her strong hands.

A moment more it was caught, almost dragging her from her position, but with superhuman effort she nerved herself for the struggle.

"Hold on for your life!" she said, as she drew the shawl up. Her arms were almost wrenched from their sockets, but she pulled steadily until she felt a pair of death cold hands clutch hers.

"Now," she said, "help a little yourself or I can't save you. Push your foot against that brace near you. Now!" and with an effort which almost parted body and soul she raised herself, drawing the exhausted man upward until she could place her arms beneath his, and so drag him up to the floor of the bridge where he fell, whether alive or dead it was impossible to say.

Nor was Janie Burton in much better plight, as she was so overcome by exhaustion and excitement as to be unable for a few minutes to do more than draw panting, convulsive breaths. Then realizing the necessity of immediate action she raised her voice in a long, piteous, penetrating call for help.

It was heard, for the nearest cabin was her home, and soon the swift feet of boys told that help was at hand.

When her brothers arrived the rescued man had so far recovered as to be able to raise himself to a sitting posture, and Janie was already on her feet.

"Boys," she said, "each of you take an arm; you will have to bear his weight as well as you can. Oh, here is mother. We must get him to the house. I hope there is a good fire."

"Yes," said Mrs. Burton, "there is and some brandy, only a little, but it will help."

They got him to the house. How they could scarcely tell, for he was almost unconscious, but when he awoke a little on the hearth and had a little the spirits he revived sufficiently to explain that he had been looking at some timber land, and riding too near the bank it had caved off with him. He was thrown from his horse, which he supposed was drowned. He could not swim and so caught a log and drifted. It was 4 o'clock when he fell in. Here he was seized with convulsive shudders and could say no more.

"Make some strong coffee and bring it very hot, while I help the boys change his clothes. Bring your father's best shirt and flannels. He has got an awful chill."

Janie brought the clothes and then went into the only other room beside the attic and made the coffee. By the time it was ready the patient in dry bed clothing had been helped into bed—a bed wonderfully clean and soft, such as may sometimes be found in lowly homes, even on the Sonder.

There was no sleep at the Burtons' that night. To boys of 12 and 14 this rescue of a man from the river was an incident too wonderful to go to sleep on. In their exultation they were the heroes of the night, Janie's part being overlooked. How they would triumph over the other boys, boys who had never so much as saved a dog in their lives. Then at the first peep of day they were to go for the doctor up the bluffs and five miles out to Oak Hill, the most beautiful country home in all the region. What a glorious run it would be, and they would tell the Stacy boys as they passed their house about the wonderful rescue. Who could sleep under such unprecedented circumstances?

As for Janie and her mother, they had enough to do. Their patient alternated between terrible rigors and flashes of burning fever and toward morning became delirious. This, however, did not alarm them as much as might be supposed, so accustomed were they to the sight of fever victims. They did what they were accustomed to do in cases of malarial fever and waited.

In the meantime, the boys were drying the clothing which had been taken from the nearly drowned man. They found in one of the pockets a few soaked bank bills and a small knife. Of papers or memoranda there were none. The bills Mrs. Burton dried and put away, saying they would do to pay the doctor.

I wanted something to make me quit thinking about myself, and unless he gets well too soon I shall have him to think about for awhile anyway."

"Only don't go to thinking too much about him, Janie. See what fine clothes he has and such white hands."

"Don't worry, mother; almost anything is better than such thoughts as I was having when he called for help." These confidences were exchanged in low tones by the fire while the patient was fitfully slumbering at daylight.

The boys had departed on their errand and in an incredibly short time the doctor alighted from his buggy at the rude gate and came in. Pausing only for a courteous greeting he hurried to the bedside and examined his patient. He then went and stood by the hearth, looking thoughtfully into the fire. A grave man beyond his youth, but still on the sunny side of life, with a fine intellectual face, sympathetic eyes and lips; one to trust instinctively, the model physician.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbly? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier.

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier.

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

Scientists on Coffee.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs a stimulant, nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the dipsomaniac from his cup will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, newly made coffee without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or of a pound, to one pint of boiling water, makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. It is asserted that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals coffee is a disinfectant for a sick room, and by some of the best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.—Commercial Advertiser.

An exchange says the man who wipes his nose on his sleeve, picks his teeth with a fork, squirts tobacco juice on the cook stove and heath, rides to mill with corn in one end of the sack and a stone in the other, drives to market with hickory limes, deposits his money in a last winter's sock, insists on paying his taxes in coon skins and wild honey, fastens one galls with a wooden peg, and wears "possum belly" pants, is the same old rooster who has no use for his home partner, and brother to the fellow who tries to do business without advertising.

A mother always feels complimented when you tell her how much she looks like her daughter; but the man who thinks to please the daughter by telling her how much she looks like her mother is a fool.—Somerville Journal.

Oh, this ringing in the ears! Oh, this humming in the head! Hawking, blowing, snuffing, gasping, watering eyes and throat—a-rasping. Health impaired and comfort fled. Till I found that I was dead!

What folly to suffer so with catarrhal troubles, when the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head are relieved and cured by the mild, cleansing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It purifies the loathsome, by removing the cause of offense, heals the sore and inflamed passages, and perfects a lasting cure.

To Fight the Trust.

The tobacco growers of Bourbon at a meeting Monday organized for a fight against the tobacco combine of the Cincinnati and Louisville warehousemen. There but one way in which the growers can oppose the combine successfully and that is by unity of purpose and action.—Covington Commonwealth.

Auditorium, Louisville, Ky., Week of Nov. 17th.

The Kiralfy Brothers' Great Production of "Around the World in 80 Days," which will hold the boards of the Auditorium, week of Nov. 17th, will be the spectacular event of the season, and the prices, 50 cents and 25 cents, to see this great production, will cause it not only to be witnessed by vast crowds of the citizens of Louisville, but also an outpouring of people from all parts of the State of Kentucky. The great elephant, Mazouck, will be on the stage at every performance.

The Chicago Herald speaks as follows of this grand production:

"If any one was under the impression that that venerable spectacular piece, 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' had outlived its drawing powers, they should have looked into the Haymarket Theatre last night. The audience was one of those immense crowds frequently seen at the Haymarket Sunday nights. It was an audience bent on enjoying itself, and it did. An inferior version of the spectacle has been hawked about the country for several seasons, but not since the days of its early production has it been given in such an elaborate manner as by the Kiralfys at present. A capable cast, new and handsome scenery, striking mechanical effects, gorgeous costumes, a live elephant, intricate marches, glittering pageants, etc., formed a collection of features that aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. Joseph Slaytor as Fogg, C. F. Gilpin as Fix, Gus Frankel as Passepartout, Helen Tracy as Aouda, Rose Watson as Nemes, George Fox as Bessie, and one or two others did good work in their respective parts."

Of the costumes, scenery and Mikado ballet of "Around the World," the Chicago Times speaks as follows:

"The most attractive feature of Kiralfy's 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' for a week at the Haymarket Theatre, is the Mikado ballet. The costumes are new and effective, and the dance exceptionally pretty. Several new features are introduced, noticeably the 'three little maids' dancing with many new steps and with great dash, and the 'three little boys with a big umbrella.' Clara Newman, as Katisha, in a costume of silver, executes a number of graceful steps."

The Value of a Potato.

Did you ever calculate the value of a single potato on the basis that that single tuber was the only one left in the world? That one would, of course, contain within itself the possibility of restocking the world with a valuable article of food. If one potato would produce, when planted, but ten potatoes, in ten years the total product of that one potato would be 10,000,000,000, which would stock the whole world with seed. If the whole world were reduced to one potato it would be better that London or Chicago be blotted from the earth than for that one tuber to be lost.—St. Louis Republic.

It is the cry of the dealer that his imitation is "as good as Old Saul's Catarrh Cure." This should convince you which is the best.

Large sales indicate the merits of all good articles. Dealers sell more of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup than of all other remedies for the cure of baby disorders.

The earliest possible day for the Christian Easter is March 22. The latest day possible is April 25th. In 1751 and 1818 Easter fell on March 22; but this will not occur again either in this century or the century following. The rule is that Easter day is always the first Sunday after the paschal full moon, or full moon which happens upon or next after March 21; and if the full moon happens upon Sunday, then Easter day is the Sunday after. It is not, however, the actual moon in the heavens, nor even the mean moon of astronomers, that regulates the time of Easter, but an altogether imaginary moon, whose periods are so contrived that the new (calendar) moon always follows the real new moon—sometimes by two or even three days.—Easter Sunday.

It Saved my Life.

After suffering for twelve years from contagious Blood Poison, and trying the best physicians attainable and all the patent medicines procurable, and steadily continuing to grow worse, I gave up all hopes of recovery, and the physicians pronounced the case incurable. Hoping against hope I tried S. S. S. I improved from the first bottle, and after taking twelve was cured, sound and well, and for two years have had no return or symptom of the vile disease. As I owe my life to S. S. S., I send this testimony for publication.

H. M. REISTER, Huntley, N. C.

Gained Eighteen Pounds.

I consider S. S. S. the best tonic in the market. I took it for broken down health, and gained eighteen pounds in three weeks. My appetite and strength came back to me, and made a new man of me. Wm. GRELLOCK, Belleville, O.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

To Fight the Trust.

The tobacco growers of Bourbon at a meeting Monday organized for a fight against the tobacco combine of the Cincinnati and Louisville warehousemen. There but one way in which the growers can oppose the combine successfully and that is by unity of purpose and action.—Covington Commonwealth.

SOLID TRUTHS!

I ask for your patronage and propose to give you in return full value for EVERY DOLLAR

Left at my store. Therefore I call your attention to my new and handsome line of Goods, consisting of

FARM IMPLEMENTS!

Such as

EMPIRE DRILLS, OLD HICKORY WAGONS

SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOWS, AVERY, MEIKLE & URA CLIPPER STEEL PLOWS, DOUBLE SHOVELS, SHOP MADE SINGLE SHOVELS,

And a full line of Plow and Machine repairs, Wagon Material, Iron of all kinds, Shingles, Doors, Sash and a full line of Hardware, Lime, Salt and Cement, Brick and Tiling for flues and drainage,

COOK AND HEATING STOVES

and pipe, and a full line of Tinware. Water Drawers and Pumps, Grass and Clover Seed of all kinds. Trunks, Buggies, Road Carts, Phaetons and Spring Wagons.

J. B. JONES' PURE RAW BONE MEAL.

Cash paid for Country Produce, such as Hides, Feathers, Eggs, &c. My house is situated on Seminary Street, opposite Public Hall. Everything new and good quality, and selected with the view of pleasing all, as I am working for trade my best endeavors will be to Save Money for all who favor me with their patronage.

J. B. HENSLEY,

Farmers' Supply House, HARDINSBURG, KY.

Louisville, St. Louis & Texas R. R. Co.

NO. 16.

TIME SCHEDULE

Taking Effect at 5:00 o'clock A. M., Sunday, Aug. 24, 1890

West Bound Trains East Bound Trains

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